Oxford Democrat.

NO. 9, VOLUME 9, NEW SERIES. PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1849. OLD SERIES, NO. 17, VOLUME 18.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. Cheever,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
TERMS—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS, in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on reasonable terms;—the proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement.—A reasonable deduction will be made for payments in advance.

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Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

THE STORY TELLER.

From the National Era.

THE ROSE-WREATHED CROSS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Have thine own faith—but Hope and for all."
HOLMES.

Henri Leroux was the only son of General Paul Leroux, once of the army of Napoleon but who, on the fall of the Emperor, emigrated to Canada, and established himself in a fine old residence, near Montreal. The General was for many years a widower; but on the marriage of his only daughter, Eugenie, to Captain Hamilton, a British officer, whom she had accompanied to England, he had taken to his heart and house a young wife, Marie D'Este, a handsome, gay and fascinating woman, one of the born queens of elegant society.*

This union, though a happy one in all other respects, brought General Leroux no children, and his heart was more than ever bound up in his noble son. And Henri was one for whom to cherish pride and affection, though mingled with much solicitude. He was gifted with a remarkable intellect and a most amiable disposition, but had been from childhood in frail and precarious health. At the period when he is introduced to my reader, he was about twenty-one, but looked somewhat younger. He was tall and gracefully formed, but remarkably slender. His face, of almost womanly delicacy, its paleness in strong contrast with the luxuriant raven curls of his hair, was beautiful rather than handsome; and yet, notwithstanding the serene thoughtfulness of the deep hazel eye, rendered so dreamy by the long, thick fringe of black lashes, and the rare sweetness playing about the mouth, that face was in no degree effeminate, but expressed the spirit of perfect manliness. In truth, his character was not wanting in bravery and energy, which made themselves manifest as far as his physical organization would permit. He was deeply studious, serious, and reflective—a man of purest thought and life, and of most unselfish and unworldly aims and aspirations.

Under the charge and influence of a beloved tutor, a priest of the Roman Church and a man of ardent piety and rare attainments, Henri's mind was early turned to the contemplation of religious subjects, until he naturally became strongly inclined to enter the church. This desire was, however, strenuously opposed by his father, who had no other interest in his former name, and also by Father Jerome, the tutor, who considered Henri's physical strength quite unequal to the ardent labors of the priesthood. The decision of his friends was confirmed in with great reluctance by Henri, and as soon as he recovered from his dejection, and his health began to return. At length a short, but severe cough alarmed his father, who persuaded him to make the tour of Europe with his tutor. At Rome Henri finally left his companion, and returned home after an absence of nearly two years. The health of the young man had been somewhat benefitted by travel, but he was still far from vigorous. After remaining at home a few months, he resolved to journey through the States, which he had never visited. His plan was to travel first through New England, and as the autumn came on, proceed South, and spend the winter in Florida. He would travel quite alone, for he was not enough of a fine gentleman to encumber himself with a valet.

To a small village in Massachusetts, not very far from Boston, we will now turn. It was a fine sultry and starless evening in July. A thunder-storm had come on a sultry afternoon, and it was now raining in torrents, the wind blowing as only the east wind can blow on the sea-shore. But, while all without was darkness and chilliness, within the neat, light-brown cottage, down in the grove of old elms, all was light and warmth and serenity. In a nice little sitting-room, with pleasant French windows opening on to a piazza and looking into the garden, an old man and a young girl—the village pastor and his granddaughter.

The venerable Mr. Revere had been for forty years the Congregational minister of M——. He was the descendant of a Huguenot refugee, and was a man of intellect and learning. He had been a singularly handsome man in his youth, and was now the picture of beautiful old age. His fine figure was still erect, his large eye bright, his cheek ruddy, and his hair unthinned, though silvery white. The smile was not banished from his lips, his clear brow wore no clerical stern-

* Those of my readers who may remember to have read "Letters from Italy," by Mrs. Hamilton Gray, will recollect this family.

ness, the starch of his white neckcloth had not entered into his manner; he was warm-hearted and free-hearted—gentle, cheerful and approachable—the ideal of a faithful and loveable servant of Heaven. For one of his class he was peculiarly charitable and tolerant towards those of other sects and beliefs, but still most firmly fixed in his own faith, and was surely best pleased when those with whom he was brought in contact thought and believed with him.

Mr. Revere had known much affliction. Consumption, that terrible scourge of New England had taken from him his excellent wife, his two lovely daughters, and his only son. The orphan daughter of this son was now all that was left to comfort or care for him in his old age.

But Adelaide Revere was in herself a wealth of affection and happiness. Lovely and intellectual, cheerful as a child, yet devotional as a saint, she was indeed the joy and stay and consolation of the old man. An energetic and economical house-keeper, an admirable nurse, a most pleasant companion—she left him nothing to desire. Here was, indeed, one of those most beautiful and perfectly rounded characters rarely met with, but which, believe me, are no impossible ideals.

I shall give you, my reader, rather a minute description of Adelaide Revere, as her beauty, it strikes me, was of a style somewhat peculiar.—She was, at nineteen, remarkably *petite*, though of a round healthy figure, exceedingly fair, with an oval face, glowing cheeks, unsurpassable teeth a low, broad forehead, a nose of extreme delicacy, dark blue eyes, with black lashes and brows, and raven hair of unusual luxuriance. Were I painting from imagination, I should, perhaps say that this hair hung in ringlets over her shoulders; but in truth it was not in the least inclined to curl. But it was Adelaide's *hand*, after all, which was the wonder of beauty—small, delicate, and of perfect symmetry. I have never seen anything finer in statuary. Every finger was a study, every dimple a right of pleasure.—Yet that hand had ever been accustomed to many kinds of labor. It seemed to possess some charm against those hardening and deforming influences; it was always so miraculously white and soft—so unexceptionably *clean*.

Adelaide's taste for dress, in her present position, could hardly be said to be manifested. She had been in mourning from her childhood, and thus was always attired with great plainness.—Her dress fitted her pretty figure elegantly, but it scarcely could have been otherwise. She usually wore white in summer, with a narrow ribbon or black velvet around her neck, and with no other ornament, save perhaps a rose-bud and a sprig of geranium in her hair.

But it is time we returned to the summer evening at the parsonage.

It was yet early on Saturday night, though so intensely dark without. Adelaide was sitting beside her grandfather, reading aloud to him from a history of the Reformation. It happened that the subject this night was the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and, as she read the horrible story of the fierce persecutions, the sufferings, the martyrdom, endured by his forefathers, Mr. Revere arose, and walking the room with great agitation, exclaimed:—

'Oh, Church of Rome, thou abomination of iniquity! how long shall the flaming sword of vengeance hang over thee in the heavens?' After a brief pause, 'How is it,' he added, 'that the day of Divine awful visitation having gone by, she is again in Christ upon the proud hill, and making the long suffering of God?'

'Oh, my dear grandfather,' said Adelaide, in a tone somewhat such, 'this is very unlike you all these things are past: the spirit of persecution has gone out of all Christian sects, and I cannot believe that the spirit of Christ has forsaken, utterly and forever, even the Church of Rome.—Must we not remember, while we condemn the merciless dogma of Romanism, that neither is Protestantism guiltless of cruelty and bloodshed?'

'My daughter, I have been rightly reproved,' replied Mr. Revere, with emotion; 'God forgive my want of charity! The Church of Rome, I have no doubt, yet holds some true followers of the Lamb—some for whom the pure light of Heaven's love penetrates that wilderness of delusions.'

At that moment there came a hurried knock at the outer door, which was opened immediately, and a neighbor, the host of the village inn, entered, bearing a lantern and a dripping umbrella.

'Why, neighbor Stevens' said Mr. Revere, 'what has brought you out this inclement night?'

'Why, it's not very clement, to be sure,' replied Mr. Stevens, planting his muddy feet on the snowy hearth-stone. 'But, you see, there's a sad accident just happened.'

'Ah, indeed—what?'

'Why you see, as the stage was coming down the hill by the tavern, it upset, on account of the storm making a slide; there was six passengers in all, and only poor fellow for I'm afeard is done for. He's but a lad; and a man weighing, I should say, nigh two hundred and fifty, fell on him. His right arm is broken, and his head is cut cruel bad. The doctor says he will have to *japer* him before he'll know anything; and I thought that when he come to he'd may like to see a minister.'

'Oh yes!—the poor fellow—I'll go at once but were there no others injured?'

'Oh, a few sprains and bruises, of not much account. They was all more scared than hurt. A proper cold night this for the season.'

For three long hours Adelaide waited for the return of her grandfather, and when at last he came, she met him at the door, with the eager inquiry—'Is he living?'

'Yes, dear; But Heaven only knows how long he will continue. The doctor has trepanned him, and set his arm, and just before I left he seemed restored to consciousness, though he did not speak. I observed him to take from his breast a small gold cross, and press it to his lips.'

'So, then, he is a Catholic.'

'Yes, poor boy.'

'How does he look, grandfather?'

'Dreadfully pale and ill; but he has a fine face, I should say, and his dress is that of a gentleman.'

'Do you know his name?'

'The landlord pointed out his trunks in the hall, and they are marked 'Henri Leroux, Montreal'—a Frenchman, it would seem. And now, my child,' he added, 'bring me the bible.'

Adelaide brought the sacred volume, and then placed herself on a low seat, at the feet of her grandfather. The pastor read a portion of John's Gospel, in a deep and musical voice; then Adelaide sang a hymn, and they knelt together in prayer.

The next morning, before service, Mr. Revere visited the sick man at the hotel, if so imposing a name could be given to the little inn. On his return, he reported the invalid somewhat better, but said that his recovery was still quite doubtful. On their way to church, he said to Adelaide—

'It really is to be regretted that this young stranger is in such poor quarters. He lies in a small chamber just over the bar-room, the noise of which must distress him: and neither the room nor the bed is at all neat and comfortable.'

'Dear grandfather,' exclaimed Adelaide, 'can we not have him removed to our house?'

'That is just what I thought of, he rejoined, 'but I feared that you, with only one servant, would feel yourself unable to bear the additional care and labor.'

'Oh, do not think of that; I am perfectly equal to the exertion—you know I am very strong, and this were such an act of mercy.'

'Well, it shall be as you say. Prepare the north room for him, and, if he lives, we will have him removed as soon as he is able to bear it.—There is something remarkably interesting in the young man's countenance. I can but regret that he is a Catholic; but the Lord knoweth his own.'

It was a number of days before Henri Leroux was able to be removed to the house of the kind pastor, though it was but a short distance from the inn. Yet his fever had abated, and he surely was gaining some little strength, though he could only speak brokenly and in whispers. At his request, Mr. Revere wrote a line to Gen. Leroux, apprising him of the condition of his son.

Still, at morning and evening, in that pleasant cottage home, was the suffering stranger remembered in prayer by that saintly pastor. At length was the invalid removed, with much care and tenderness, to the parsonage, and laid in an airy room in a wing of the building, thus entirely detached from the little house of the household. Here every comfort surrounded him, and unwearied attention was bestowed, till his improved condition testified that the change had been to him most beneficial. Adelaide was his principle nurse: and her low, soft voice, light step, cheerful, encouraging smile—all the gentle womanliness of her presence—were inexpressibly soothing to him. As the days passed on, and the life which had been ebbing from him came slowly flowing back, the invalid would watch every movement of that fair young creature, as she silently glided about the room; or in her brief absences he would wait and listen for her coming, with emotions indescribably sweet and childlike. Sometimes, when he was in great distress, and his mind wandered, he would seem to think her the spirit of his mother, and, stretching out his arms, would cry to her for relief.

Then Adelaide would soothe him with gentle words, and bathe his burning temples, and charm away his wild fancies, till he would fall asleep like a tired child.

One day, when Adelaide had been arranging his pillow, he turned his head, and pressed his lips upon her hand. She started timidly, and caught it hastily away. Then Henri looked up, and whispered, 'That hand has led me away from death, and I am grateful.' And it was, as yet, only gratitude which filled the invalid's heart, and pure sympathy with suffering which called forth the devotion of that young girl.

When Henri had been at the parsonage about two weeks, General Leroux arrived. The meeting between father and son was affectionate in the extreme, and touched the sympathizing hearts of Adelaide and the aged pastor.

The General remained at M—— nearly three weeks, when pressing business called him home. Henri by this time was pronounced out of danger, and was able to walk his room. So, tenderly consigning him to the care of the good pastor and Adelaide, with whom he had been greatly charmed, the courtly yet warm-hearted soldier took leave of all with much apparent emotion. A few days after his departure there arrived from Boston a beautiful writing-table for Mr. Revere, and a piano for Adelaide, with the 'affectionate remembrances of Paul Leroux.'

What colors may paint, what words describe, the dawn of love in the heaven of a young spirit! Brighter and rosier grows existence as it advances; the still air is cleft with song; the breath of perfume is abroad; the very clouds of life are tinged with purple and gold, and its dark, chill places drink in light and warmth. It is like those mornings in Eden, when Heaven's approval had hallowed its perfect bloom, and blessed its human love—when the flowers slept in the watch of the angels, and angel-song and the gleam of angel-wings were on the air.

Gradually and most tranquilly stole life's sweetest and mightiest enchantment over the soul of Henri Leroux, until the eye that looked pityingly on his suffering, the lips which had spoken hopes and holy comfort, the hand which had ministered to his helplessness and pain, the form of grace and beauty, the heart of patience and goodness, the soul of purity and truth—all that was of Adelaide, Adelaide herself—became, beyond expression, dear to his heart. He loved with an intensity and devotion of which he had never before dreamed.

And Adelaide! Ah! She was a young, artless, confiding being, with a large, warm heart, and with only one to love in the wide world when that youthful stranger was thrown upon her care. She had gazed with him down into the valley of the shadow of death. She had thought to close his eyes for the last sleep. And then she had seen the life-light returning day by day to those eyes—the soft flush of renewed health kindling the wasted cheek—all the subdued powers of vitality struggling back into their abandoned citadel; and her heart exulted, and the blood flowed more richly through her own veins, as the solemn shade of death passed from that still chamber, and the angel of life entered and took its place—a beautiful presence of joy.

And alike in the days of foreboding and the days of thanksgiving, morning and evening, had the good pastor prayed fervently for that young stranger, and the gentle girl, weeping, breathed her 'Amen.'

Ah! what wonder that our dear Adelaide, almost ere she was aware, folded in upon her bosom, like a rich morning flower or a bright-winged bird, that sweet and holy sentiment, which in its best bloom, its most ineffable glory, can come but once to beautify and gladden a human life. What wonder that she loved through all her soul, tenderly and religiously, with a glow on her lip and a psalm in her heart.

Ah! truly it was impossible that these young beings, both so good and so gifted, should be thus thrown together, daily and almost hourly, in such relations, and not love one another. As well might the morning sunshine draw back from a summer lake of pure and serene depths; as well might the evening dew shrink from descending into the bosom of an opening rose, as the heavenly influences of love have failed to fall upon spirits so meetly and perfectly prepared to receive them.

And thus in the dreamy enjoyment of an affection undeclared and unacknowledged, but still a truth and joy, weeks went by, and Henri yet lingered at the parsonage. He was still considered too weak to undertake his long journey to Canada, and M—— was such a charming summer retreat!

Henri was a dutiful and conscientious son; and while he was pining at heart to speak his love freely to Adelaide, he yet put a seal on his lips until he could obtain his father's approbation of his suit. He wrote, fraukly deferentially, recalling the state of his affections, and urging his wishes: and then, with ill-concealed impatience, awaited a reply.

At length it came—a full and cordial consent to the proposed alliance. Madame Leroux also wrote a playful, affectionate letter, offering her warmest congratulations. As Henri laid these letters in his desk, he took thence a minature of his lost mother, and gazed upon it tenderly; remembering the dark hour, far back in his early childhood, when that dear one had kissed him and blessed him, and given him her cross, and died. Now he pressed that sweet face to his lips and heart, with an inaudible prayer for her blessing on the love of his youth.

A deep sigh startled him. He looked up, and Adelaide stood over him, pale as the white muslin sun-bonnet which shaded her fair face. She had come in, as usual, at the hour of their morning walk, with her light step had passed through the open door, across the room and to his side, 'with the glide of a spirit.' As Henri started up and gazed at her with some alarm, Adelaide turned and hastily retreated; but he sprang forward and intercepted her.

'Do let me pass!' she exclaimed.

'Not till you tell me what has happened,' replied Henri.

'Oh! no, I cannot, indeed I cannot!' said the poor girl, bursting into tears.

Henri, much depressed at this, took her hand, saying, 'I intreat you, dear friend, tell me what troubles you.'

Adelaide was a simple child, unused to disguises—so she replied, pointing to the desk—'That miniature, Henri, tell me whose it is.'

'Oh, is that all?' joyfully exclaimed Henri, kissing the hand he held, 'Why, that is my honest conviction, but, I feel it, for the sake of not an angel? And now,' he added, whence those tears? May I interpret them as my heart prompts? May I hope that you—that you—love me, Adelaide, as I have long loved you?'

Adelaide was silent. She stood winding the string of her sun-bonnet around her finger, her lips quivering, and her heart paining her breast with its quick beating, and with a strange unaccountable flutter in every pulse. She stood silent; her cheek deeply flushed; and the dark eyes, on whose lashes the tears yet trembled, were cast down. Henri bent forward, and looked up into them with a smile. * * * * * *

A half-hour after this, Henri and Adelaide sat together on the chintz-covered sofa, in the little parlor of the parsonage, reading illuminated volumes of love in each other's eyes—talking of the past, their little past—and laying such plans for the future! Yes, Adelaide could talk now, though she still preferred to listen.

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and Mr. Revere appeared on the threshhold. Just at that moment the lovers were not sitting as far apart as they might have set, and giving one look of blank amazement, the good pastor, with instinctive delicacy, turned to leave the room.—But Henri Leroux, starting up and taking Adelaide's hand in his, advanced towards him, saying—

'Do not leave us, dear sir; this is something about which I meant to have consulted you before, but somehow it has happened otherwise.—Yet, will you not give us your blessing, for we love, dear father?'

Mr. Revere turned deathly pale, and, with a groan which seemed to come from the depths of his spirit, sank into his chair. Then he murmured, 'Oh I have sinned! I should have foreseen this. Heaven forgive my careless watch!'

After a silence of a few moments he resumed, in a calm and solemn tone, taking Henri's hand in his, 'My dear young friend, I honor your character; I have even much affection for you; but as I value her salvation, I cannot bestow my beloved child upon a Roman Catholic!'

It was now Henri's turn to grow pale and tremble. This was a most unexpected disappointment. As he had been satisfied with Adelaide's religion, as shown in her pure life, he had not thought of his own being an obstacle to their union. Yet he saw there was no appeal from this decision of her grandfather; and bowing to him, and casting a look of mournful tenderness upon her, he turned and sought his room. When he had gone, Adelaide stole up to her grandfather, where he sat, and wound her arms about his neck, and they wept together.

'And so my Adelaide loves this young stranger?'

'Yes, dear grandfather, more than my own life.'

'But not more than your own soul, I trust, my child?'

They saw Henri no more that day; and Adelaide, whose chamber was over his room, heard him walking back and forth till it was very late; and sometimes she heard the low murmurings of his voice in prayer. And she, too, prayed, with great struggling and deep prostration of spirit, till far into the night: and when at last she flung herself on her bed and slept, the tears were on her cheek—a piteous sight for the angels who watched her rest.

On the next morning Henri accompanied Mr. Revere to his study, and when there, said to the pastor, 'I desire, my dear sir, to know the truth: and I have come to the determination to look more deeply into the principles of the Protestant religion: if you will converse with me on this subject, and allow me to read with you, I shall be very grateful.'

To this proposition Mr. Revere gave a glad consent, and that very day they commenced their religious investigations. These continued for a number of weeks uninterruptedly, and how they came to an end. But in the meantime Henri had seen much to love and reverence in the grave and simple faith of Revere, and the good pastor much in the character of the young Catholic which he could but recognize as the pure and peaceful fruits of righteousness.

Henri did not, like too many of his church, cherish the spirit of proscription, but believed that purity of life, good will to man, and faith in God, were the only true essentials of salvation.

During all this time the lovers had conscientiously silenced the voice of their hearts, and by one consent avoided all meetings, save in the presence of Mr. Revere, who was deeply impressed by this noble conduct. One morning, early in October, Henri walked out into the village, and soon after returned in a carriage. He entered the parlor where Mr. Revere and Adelaide were sitting, and going up to the former, said in an agitated voice, 'I must bid you farewell: I am about to leave for New York.'

'Why, my friend, how is this?' exclaimed Mr. Revere.

'I have now,' replied Henri, 'studied faithfully the peculiar tenets of your religion: I have prayed fervently for light and guidance—and *I cannot become a Protestant*. I am still a Catholic, in heart and soul a Catholic—God knows me for one; and should I now forsake the Holy Mother Church, it would not be from honest conviction, but, I feel it, for the sake of Adelaide's love; and I leave while I yet have strength. Farewell—and may we meet where these differences shall be known no more forever!'

He extended his hand, but the good pastor folded him to his bosom, and blessed him, and then left him alone with her he loved.

'And now, Adelaide!' cried Henri, stretching out his arms. Then, with a burst of grief which was her heart crying out, the young girl sprang to his embrace, met his kiss of love and sorrow, and, leaning her head against his shoulder, wept bitterly.

'Holy Mother, guard her!'

'Guide him, bless him, Father God!'

And thus they parted.

At New York, Henri Leroux wrote to his friends at M——, informing them how he had borne his journey so far, which was, also, but ill. The returning mail brought him a letter from Adelaide, which wrung his heart. After expressing her sorrow for all he had endured in his journey, she wrote—

'Oh Henri, you cannot tell how cold and dark my life has grown, now you have gone!—It seems that an arctic winter has spread over the world—the light of hope and the warmth of love all departed. I try to pray, but I cannot: Heaven seems so far off—it is such a weary way to God's throne—that my spirit tires and sinks and wanders away to be with you! And this parting is my punishment—one truly greater than I can bear. My heart was cruelly torn in the separation from yours, and now it is bleeding itself away. * * * Oh, my Henri, why will you yet cling to that old mistaken religion of yours? Why bind your soul to that church of pompous rights, and cold forms, and vain traditions?' Why will you not embrace our pure and simple faith? Do we not worship one God? Has not one Saviour redeemed us? I entreat you to hear me, my beloved!'

As Henri read this appeal, a mighty temptation wrestled strongly with his soul—the temptation to abandon his faith at the wild cry of passion, not the still small voice of conviction. He bowed his head on the table at which he sat, and moved his lips in prayer, but his heart prayed not. While he thus bent forward, a cross of gold suspended about his neck by a silver cord, slid from his breast, and fell on the table before him. Henri sprang up, caught that cross—doubly sacred as the gift of his dying mother—and pressed it to his lips, looking heavenward.

After this, need I tell the nature of Henri's reply to that first letter from Adelaide?

In a short time he sailed from New York to Florida, where he was to spend the winter.

The succeeding letters which passed between Henri and Adelaide were not many, and though familiar, and even affectionate, would never have been supposed to be written by lovers.—Indeed they no longer stood in that relation to one another, at least not avowedly.

And how did Adelaide bear her sorrow?—Oh! my reader, 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.' Who can describe the martyrdom of the spirit? It was long before the thick darkness of which she spoke lifted itself from her spirit. But she was not utterly prostrated.—She bore up, for the sake of that one friend so utterly dependent upon her. The old serenity was soon restored, but the old joyousness came not back. Her grandfather would watch her saddened face and her uncomplaining suffering, with deep sorrow and self-reproach. Mistaken old man! As though any human foresight could have prevented that love which sprang up so spontaneously and irresistably in the providence of heaven.

Thus passed the winter; but with the spring yet another sorrow came upon poor Adelaide. One stormy March night, Mr. Revere, while on a visit of consolation to a dying parishioner, took a severe cold which brought him to his bed, and at last resulted in a slow decline. April, May, June, went by, and the saintly old man yet lingered.

One morning in July, after lying for a long time in deep thought, he called Adelaide to him, and asked if she had lately heard from Henri Leroux. 'Yes, dear grandfather,' she replied, 'he is now in Montreal; he came north by the Mississippi and the Lakes, and he writes that his health is much better than it has been for years.'

'Ah, that is well. But, my love, I wish you to write to Henri, begging him to come to us. I would see him before I go hence.'

Adelaide wrote to Henri that night.

It was a year, almost to a day, from the time Henri Leroux first visited M——, when he came once again to that quiet little village. This time he went directly to the parsonage.

He found Mr. Revere sitting, propped up by pillows, by the open window, and much troubled for breath. A smile of joy lit up his fine face as Henri entered. As for the young man, he could not speak for emotion, but he pressed Adelaide's head, and, bending down, kissed that of his venerable friend.

There was little conversation that forenoon, as Mr. Revere seemed more weak than usual; but the next morning he said that he felt stronger, and called Henri to his bedside.

'My son,' said the pastor, 'you must see that I have nearly finished my course. For many years the shades of death have been around me; yet, though earth is passing from beneath me,

NEW MEDICINE.

DOCTOR MASTA'S GENUINE INDIAN VEGETABLE PURGATIVE PILLS,

For Bilious and Inflammatory Fevers, Indigestion, Chill Fevers, Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Piles, Jaundice, Cholic, Pain in the Stomach and Side, Heartburn, Perverted Appetite, Diarhœa, Dysentery, Impure Blood, and all Derangements of the Bilious System.

THE rapid sale of these Pills in many sections of the country where they have been circulated, is a sure evidence of their great value as a medicine for the diseases they are designed. No other medicine of the kind has given that general satisfaction as these Pills, considering the shortness of time since they were presented before the public for trial.—Hundreds of persons throughout the New England States, the State of New York, and the Canadas, have already pronounced them to be the best family medicine they have ever used. It is the general opinion of all who have used them themselves and seen their effects in their families, that they are the best operating cathartic they have ever taken, and proves the following advantages over all others.

1. They do not sicken and distress the stomach when taken. So little inconvenience, if any at all is felt after taking them, that it is hardly noticed that pills have been taken. Pills in general, composed as they are of nauseous, irritating and inflaming ingredients, distress and irritate the stomach in a high degree, seeming more to aggravate and deepen the disease than to remove it.

2. Their effect upon the bowels is equally unattended with distress. They operate with perfect ease and safety, causing no griping or any other painful sensation. With the greatest ease they evacuate the alimentary canal thoroughly, cleansing it of all putrid, irritating and fecal matters.

3. They relieve costiveness and not increase it.—Pills as a general thing, instead of relieving, render this habit of the body more obstinate. The more they are taken the more it is confirmed. The reason is obvious. They move the bowels merely by the irritation they produce upon the membranes of the alimentary canal, and from this arise the uncomfortable consequences already alluded to. They are not composed of materials congenial to the system and in proper proportion to carry out the principle of purgation. Consequently they do not, and cannot, remove the cause of disease, but liable also in many cases to increase it. They operate too harshly, overseting and prostrating the vital energies of the system, upon which the resisting influence to disease is based. The reaction that follows this condition is a feverish excitement of the entire range of the alimentary canal, extending sympathetically by the agency of the nerves throughout the whole system. This derranges at once to a great degree the secretions of the liver, and other fluids, and in this manner constipation of the bowels becomes increased rather than relieved. A vast number of persons, who have taken dose after dose of various kinds of pills know this to be a fact, remaining ignorant, however, of the cause.

4. They are composed entirely of vegetables, the productions of this climate; carefully extracted and concentrated; not a particle of mineral, or any other poisonous ingredient forms their composition. Made of materials that are natural and simple, their combination being judicious and exact, their congeniality to the system is more certain. They are far superior to pills that have been in general use, milder, and more prompt, safer and more uniform in their operation. In using them no particular care is required. Persons may eat and drink as usual, (intoxicating drinks excepted) work or travel, or eat immediately after taking them. They are not made to carry out the old doctrine that the sick must be made sicker before they are cured.

☞ Every family who are in the habit of keeping medicines for their own convenience, should never be without these pills. After having once tried them and ascertained their good qualities, they would not be without them. Persons also who are in the habit of traveling much, and are often liable to be unwell, would also find them convenient to keep on hand.—Their operation is so easy and yet efficient, so easily dispensed with, without any inconvenience whatever, that they ought to form one of the indispensible items for the traveler's outfit.

☞ Try them and know for yourself whether these things are true that are said of them. The old saying is true where personal knowledge and experience is required, that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it." The first time you have occasion to need pills just give them a trial, and if in your opinion, they fail to do what is said of them, take the advantage of the following remedy.

All persons who may purchase a box of them, after taking one or two doses in accordance with directions should not be satisfied with them, the money paid will be refunded, or the charge for the same cancelled, by returning the box in a saleable condition, with the remainder of the pills. Agents selling them are requested to conform to this rule.

To be had at all the principal stores in every town and village in the United States.

For sale by HUBBARD & STEVENS, Paris.

June 19, 1849. 1y7

OXFORD NORMAL INSTITUTE.

THE Summer Session of this School wil commence on Monday the 4th day of June next, and continue eleven weeks.

INSTRUCTORS.

EBENEZER P. HINDS, PRINCIPAL.
AARON YOUNG, JR., INSTRUCTOR IN NATURAL SCIENCE.
Miss ZILPAH W. PARKER, ASSISTANT.
Miss FRANCES WADSWORTH, TEACHER OF MUSIC AND DRAWING.
WILLIAM A. RUST, M. D., LECTURER ON ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

TUITION—$1,50, 3,00, 4,00, 4,50.
BOARD, in families for males, $1,50; females, $1,25 per week.

GENERAL REMARKS.

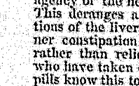
The recent accession, to the Institute, of the extensive Collection of Dr. Young, and the engagement of his services as Instructer in Natural Science, will be hailed, by the friends of the Institution, with entire satisfaction. A neat and commodious Laboratory and Lecture room is fitting up, also rooms for the deposit of his Cabinet of Minerals, Shells, Plants, &c., embracing several thousand specimens.

During the ensuing Session (commencing the first Monday of June, 1849) a Course of about Fifty Lectures will be given on the Botany of Maine.

For particulars apply to Hon. Stephen Emery, President of Trustees, or to the Principal.

South Paris, April 27, 1848. 6w1

Bold Washington.



THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he has purchased a most splendid full blooded grey horse, called "Bold Washington," weighting fifteen hundred pounds, for the use of Mares the current season. He has also recently added to his Stud a beautiful horse called

The French Fox.

This horse is five years old; is of a buckskin color, black tail and mane and legs, with a black stripe on his back. The subscriber thinks him the oddest horse, in every respect, ever presented to the public.

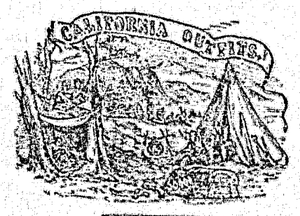
The French Fox was raised on the river Du Loup, in Lower Canada. He will accompany Royal Oak as follows: Leave Buckfield on Mondays, to the store of Bretton's Mills, (so called) Turner Village, where they may be found till Tuesday at 4 o'clock; thence to Lewiston Falls, where they may be found Wednesday and until 8 o'clock; thence to Minot or Poland Falls, where they may be found on Thursdays until 4 o'clock; thence to Norway Village, where they may be found until 1 o'clock P. M. on Fridays; thence by South Paris to Paris Hill, where they may be found until 6 o'clock P. M.; thence to Buckfield Village, where they may be found on Saturdays.

One of the subscriber's four horses may be found at Jackson Village, Sumner, on Fridays and Saturdays.

AMERICA FARRAR.

Buckfield, June 8, 1849. 6

WHOLESALE DEALERS,
FARMERS, MECHANICS,
CITIZENS, and especially
Ladies with their little Boys,
OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF
NEW SPRING GOODS
For 1849,
Is now ready, at LOWER PRICES THAN EVER: PLEASE CALL!



TO THE
TRAVELLING PUBLIC!

☞ VISIT HEAD QUARTERS for your Outfits.——As many of our citizens and New Englanders in neighboring towns, are about starting for the New El Dorado, or California Gold Diggings,——having no experience as to what they will require for their convenience and comfort, or in purchasing at Low Prices,——or, in short, in getting a good, suitable Outfit, for a little money,——they should go to Head Quarters, Boston.——Having made the Outfitting Business our study,——three-fourths of my entire force, numbering some fifty clerks, being all engaged in this new branch of our trade,——and having fitted out a number of excessive companies, we are prepared to furnish our patrons with a Printed List of all suitable articles required, and also information concerning the various routes to the Gold Regions.——It is amusing to see Oak Hall daily thronged with various groups——old men, young men, boys——rich and poor,——very few admitting where they are bound,——but the Outfit selected from the following useful Mining Articles, generally tells the story:——Feather River Overcoats—Spanish or California Cloaks, adapted to the double purpose of Cloak by day, and Blanket by night—Sutter's Long Mining Waistcoat—Linen Sacks—Thin Pants—light Vests—Oil, or India Rubber Suits—Life Preservers—Isthmus Bags, for Pack Mules—Canteens—Travelling Bags—Boots—Gold Bags—Tents, one of which can be seen pitched at Oak Hall Rotunda——Hammocks—Mattresse—Blankets——Musquito Bars——Fancy Striped Travelling Shirts—Red Flannel Shirts and Drawers—Cravats or Stocks—Pocket Handkerchiefs—fine Shirts—El Dorado Caps—California Hats—Bowie Knives—Pocket Knives—Dirks—Pistols—Travelling Trunks—Carpet Bags—Umbrellas—Money Belts—Hair and Tooth Brushes—Fancy Soaps—Pocket Combs and Mirrors.——Also, a large lot of Ready made Clothing, cheap, for Shipping.—Mining Clothing for laboring class—Jackets—Overalls—Stout Pants—Socks—Coats, &c. &c.——We hope that all who are going will succeed to their anticipations, but they will not unless they lay in a good supply of the above named articles.——If accounts from California are correct, it will require the Large Dumps to purchase any of the above useful articles out there.—A Printed List (for patrons of this establishment) of necessary articles, required for six months, one, two, or three years Outfit, together with prospectus explanatory of various routes, can be had by post-paid application, addressed to "Oak Hall."—When a large company or club desire it, one of my traveling agents will be despatched to their orders.——Together with the above we have an Extensive Stock of every grade of Clothing, adapted to those who have not caught the "Gold Fever," and prefer to remain at home.

RECAPITULATION OF ABOVE ARTICLES, WITH PRICES ATTACHED.

Spanish or California Cloaks, for double purpose, Blankets or Cloaks,	3 50 to 15 00
"Feather River" Mining Coats	6 50 to 12 00
Capt. Sutter's Long Mining Waistcoats,	3 00 to 5 50
Linen Sacks or Thin Coats,	75 to 1 25
Thin Pants, adapted to that climate,	50 to 2 00
Vests, of various patterns,	50 to 1 50
Oil Suits, adapted to the voyage out and the rainy season,	1 75 to 3 25
India Rubber Coats or Capes,	4 00 to 8 00
India Rubber Pants,	2 00 to 3 50
Inena Rubber Life Preservers,	50 to 1 00
Isthmus Bags, for Pack Mules,	1 75 to 2 25
Canteens, for drink,	25 to 1 00
Traveling Bags,	1 00 to 2 00
Gold Bags,	50 to 1 00
Tents, of various patterns, (one can be seen pitched at Oak Hall Rotunda,)	8 00 to 40 00
Hemp Hammocks, for slinging in the open air,	1 75 to 2 00
Mattresses,	1 00 to 2 50
Blankets,	1 00 to 2 50
Musquito Bars, for protection from various insects that infest that region,	
Fancy Striped Traveling Shirts,	50 to 2 75
Red Flannel Shirts, Drawers, &c.,	75 to 1 25
Blue Flannel Shirts,	1 25 to 1 50
Cravats or Stocks,	17 to 1 00
Pocket Handkerchiefs,	25 to 75
Fine Shirts, with Linen Bosoms, Collars and Wristbands,	75 to 1 50
California Caps,	25 to 1 00
Tampico Hats,	75 to 1 00
Pocket Knives,	17 to 1 50
Bowie Knives, with Belts for Pistols, complete,	3 00 to 6 00
Dirks or large Knives,	50 to 1 50
Belt, Sheath and Knife, complete,	50 to 1 50
Tin Cups, Plates, Spoons, Knives & Forks,	37 to 75
Pistols, Revolvers, &c.,	3 00 to 12 00
Traveling Trunks,	2 00 to 3 50
Traveling Bags, very handy for transporting to the mines from San Francisco,	1 00 to 1 50
Umbrellas for the mines,	1 12 to 2 00
Clothes, Hair and Shoe Brushes,	17 to 50
Fancy Soaps,	12 to 1 00
Pocket Combs, Pocket Mirrors, &c.,	25 to 1 00
Money Belts,	50 to 1 00
Sacks, of Woolen, Cotton, Linen, &c.,	12 to 50
Gloves, Buck Mitts, &c.,	17 to 1 00
Mining, or Laboring Boots,	1 25 to 2 00
Mining, or Laboring Pants,	1 00 to 2 00
Mining, or Laboring Coats,	1 00 to 2 00

—Also—

Trunks, Bags, Pocket Books, Memorandum Books, Wallets, Suspenders, Cravats, Neck Ties, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Scarfs, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Soaps, Patent Leather Belts, Dress Silks, Prints, Ginghams, Muslins, Flannels, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, Cloths, Tailors' Trimmings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Crapes, Veils, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings, Bonnets, Flowers, Artificials, Head Dresses, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Ribbons, Blankets, Flannels, Linens, Sheetings, Shirtings, Cottons, Tickings, Checks, Stripes, Drillings, Crapes, Muslins, Delaines, Ginghams, Calicoes, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Suspenders, Combs, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Thread, Needles, Pins, Patent Leather Belts, Dress Silks, Prints, Ginghams, Muslins, Flannels, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, Cloths, Tailors' Trimmings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Crapes, Veils, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings, Bonnets, Flowers, Artificials, Head Dresses, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Ribbons, Blankets, Flannels, Linens, Sheetings, Shirtings, Cottons, Tickings, Checks, Stripes, Drillings, Crapes, Muslins, Delaines, Ginghams, Calicoes, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Suspenders, Combs, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Thread, Needles, Pins,

with every variety of Furnishing and Ornamental Articles, constituting the largest assortment in the Outfitting Line to be found in the United States.

By selecting from this assortment, the trouble of running round to various establishments will be avoided, as here you can find every thing wanted, from a

Pick Axe to an Capt. Sutter Long Mining Waistcoat.

OAK HALL,
BOSTON.
32, 34, 36 & 38, ANN STREET,
Wooden Building—Directly in Washington—Nearly opposite Merchants' Row.

G. W. SIMMONS & CO.

April 3, 1849. 3m15

STEPHEN EMERY,
COUNSELLOR
AND
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HAS returned to his former Office over the Post Office, where he may be found at all business hours.

Persons indebted to the late copartnership of STEPHEN EMERY & SON are requested to call and make a settlement.

Paris, Dec. 4, 1848. tf 51

D. PORTER STOWELL,
Counsellor and Attorney at Law,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

NEW CO-PARTNERSHIP.

THE subscribers have this day entered into Copartnership under the name of

HOWE & CUSHMAN,

for the purpose of carrying on the
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TRADE,
In West India Goods & Groceries, Dry Goods, Hard Ware, CROCKERY WARE, &C. &C.,
at the old stand of Jeremiah Howe.

Norway, April 17, 1849. 4 JEREMIAH HOWE. DAVID N. CUSHMAN.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

THE subscribers have for the past week been receiving from Boston a large and splendid assortment of Goods adapted to the present season, which were purchased

FOR CASH
and consequently enables us to sell them
AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Our stock consists of most kinds of Ladies' Dress Goods, such as
MUSLIN DELAINES, LAWNS, GINGHAMS, GINGHAM LAWNS, BARAGES, FIGD AND PLAIN SILKS, ALPACCAS, ALPINES, &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of Millinery Goods, such as
BONNETS, BONNET RIBBONS, WREATHS, TAPS, TARLTONS, MUSLINS,
Likewise, CARPETINGS, MATRESSES, FEATHERS, BED TICKINGS, LOOKING GLASSES, &c.,

All of which were purchased at very low prices, and will be sold accordingly.

Wanted in Exchange for Goods, all kinds of Country Produce.

Also, Cash will be paid for
Wool, Wool Skins, Shipping Furs, Calf Skins, &c.

HOWE & CUSHMAN.

Norway, May 16, 1849. 4w3

NEW ARRANGEMENT & NEW SPRING GOODS
AT
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

A. C. DENISON, C. P. TRUE & J. A. KENDALL

Having entered into a Copartnership for *Mercantile purposes*, under the style of

DENISON, TRUE & KENDALL,

and having made large and commodious additions to the Store lately occupied by DENISON & TRUE, making it by far the

LARGEST STORE IN THE COUNTY!

would respectfully announce to their friends and the public generally, that they are receiving by the *Bridgton Traders from Portland & Boston*,

EXTENSIVE AND GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF GOODS,
particularly adapted to the Country Trade, which, in consequence of their facilities for purchasing,
WILL BE SOLD AT THE LOWEST PRICES,
either at Wholesale or Retail. And they would very respectfully request their customers to Home and Customers, and at the same time solicit a share of public patronage. They feel confident that by strict attention to business, and a determination to please all who may favor them with a call, they shall not be disappointed.

Messrs. D. T. & K. intend to keep constantly on hand, and in quantities for
WHOLESALE PURCHASERS,
every article kept in a VARIETY STORE. Among which may be found of the best
ENGLISH, GERMAN and AMERICAN BROADCLOTHS, Plain and Fancy Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, Cashmeretts, Cashmeres and Satinetts Plain and Fancy Vestings of all descriptions, together with a large assortment of Tailors' Trimmings.

PRINTS, of all qualities and styles, PATCHES, M. DELAINES, GINGHAMS, Alpaccas, Mahoma Stripes, Mohair Lustres, Dress Silks, Printed Lawns, &c. &c.

BROWN and BLEACHED SHEETINGS, of all qualities, TICKINGS, DRILLINGS, Denims, Waddings, Dusters, Gloves, Laces, Edgings, Black Silk, Cashmere and Fancy Shawls, and

White Goods of all descriptions.

They have also fitted up
BONNET ROOMS
Over NOYES & FRANCIS' STORE, where Bonnets are made and trimmed to order. Bonnet Ribbons, and Trimmings of all kinds, together with a rich variety of other Fancy Goods constantly on hand.

HATS, CAPS, CARPETING AND FEATHERS,
BLANK BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS and STATIONERY; WRITING, WRAPPING, and ROOM PAPERS.

Also, a splendid assortment of
Hard and Crockery Ware, and Mirrors. W. I. Goods and Groceries.
CORN, FLOUR, NAILS, GLASS, LIME, PLASTER, IRON AND STEEL, Sheet Lead, Zinc, Boot & Shoe and Iron Tacks, Lamp and Lantern Wicks, Pewter, Glue, Oil Cloth, &c.

Also—RUBBER of all kinds bought and sold.

Our motto is
"QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."

WANTED—**20,000** lbs. WOOL; **100** Tons of RAGS; **10** Tons of BUTTER; **10,000** Doz. EGGS, and PRODUCE of all kinds.

Norway, May 16, 1849. tf 52

Bonnets and Fancy Goods.

THE subscriber has just returned from Boston with a splendid assortment of Bonnet and Fancy Goods, which he will sell at the lowest prices for cash.

Flowers, Bonnet Boards, Millinet, Bonnet Frames, Bonnet Wire, Bonnet Ribbons, Crapes, Veils, Artificials, Head Dresses, Silks, Satins, Velvets, Ribbons, Blankets, Flannels, Linens, Sheetings, Shirtings, Cottons, Tickings, Checks, Stripes, Drillings, Crapes, Muslins, Delaines, Ginghams, Calicoes, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Suspenders, Combs, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Thread, Needles, Pins, Patent Leather Belts, Dress Silks, Prints, Ginghams, Muslins, Flannels, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, Cloths, Tailors' Trimmings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Suspenders, Combs, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Thread, Needles, Pins, Patent Leather Belts, Dress Silks, Prints, Ginghams, Muslins, Flannels, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Vestings, Cloths, Tailors' Trimmings, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Rubbers, Hosiery, Gloves, Mitts, Suspenders, Combs, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Thread, Needles, Pins,

with every variety of Furnishing and Ornamental Articles, constituting the largest assortment in the Outfitting Line to be found in the United States.

By selecting from this assortment, the trouble of running round to various establishments will be avoided, as here you can find every thing wanted, from a

Pick Axe to an Capt. Sutter Long Mining Waistcoat.

Rooms over Noyes & Francis' Store.

SARAH R. MILLETT.

Norway, May 12 1849. tf 2

B. COY,
SURGEON DENTIST,
South Paris, Me.

MR. C. having acquired a thorough knowledge of the Profession in Montreal and Boston, is prepared to perform Artificial and Porcelain Teeth on Gold Plates, in the most durable manner, and at reasonable prices.

All work warranted to give satisfaction, or no charge.

Those in need of Artificial Teeth, will find it for their interest to call and examine specimens of work.

Those wishing to have teeth extracted, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved instrument for that purpose.

Those who have Teeth that require filling, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of filling Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require cleaning, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of cleaning Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require regulating, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of regulating Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require extracting, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of extracting Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require nothing done to them, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of doing nothing to Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have no Teeth, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of inserting Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require nothing done to them, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of doing nothing to Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require extracting, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of extracting Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require regulating, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of regulating Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require cleaning, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of cleaning Teeth, which he warrants to be superior to any now in use.

Those who have Teeth that require filling, will find it for their interest to call, as he has a new and improved method of filling